

The Domicile Erected by John.
TRANSLATION OF THE VERGATE OF M. GOOSE BY A. FOX.

John's mansion reared by daedal Jack!
See the old stately many a pithoric sack
In the broad bivouac of Joan's bivouac!

Mark to the rats felonious fangs' invade

John's pavilion laid.

With vector foot and Tarquin strides

Soldi vermarkum to his quarry glides—

Soldi vermarkum, that shew the fierce rodent

Unnatural arms, that shew the fierce rodent

Whose thomacious Johanna's sacketh

Jack!

Now the deep-mouthed canine foes

Assault.

That rati the avenger of the stolen mahl,

Stole the hallowed precincts of that hall

That was complete at Jack's creative call.

His daughter," said the man, quietly.

"He never married, and he never had a

daughter."

His daughter, an infant twelve or four

months old, looked to England with him,

was shipwrecked with him, but saved by a

special Providence, and has since been living

in this place under the name of Matt Jones.

"Your intended bride, you know," added

Marshall, with an insinuating smile. "Hullo,

where is the young lady?"

Monk looked round toward the dog-cart

and on every side, but Matt was nowhere to be seen.

"I see her go into that their cart," said

Will Jones.

"Call her," cried Monk. "I'll stay no

longer here. Listen to me, you two. Whether

you are telling truth or not, that girl is go-

ing to become my wife—I have your guardian's

consent, and she herself, I may tell you, fully

appreciates the honor I am doing her."

"Indeed," said Mr. Lightwood, smiling.

"Unfortunately I, as Miss Monk's legal ad-

vocate, must have a say in the matter. Doubt-

less this marriage would be a very pretty ar-

angement for keeping the late Colonel Monk's

fortune and property in your pos-

session, but I cannot conscientiously ap-

prove the young lady's marriage to an

assassin!"

"An assassin! what—what do you mean?"

gasped Monk, staggering afi from a blow.

"Tell him, Mr. Marshall!"

"All right, sir. Well, you see, Mr. Monk,

of Monkshurst," continued the detective,

Monk, who had been watching him from

the shadows, "had a son named Matt, who

was born in the same year as you, and he is

now a man of twenty-four."

"No, no, I never done it! I'm innocent, I am!" cried William Jones. "Tell 'em, Mr. Monk, tol 'em—I'd nowt to do with it."

"Silence, you fool," said the other; then he added, turning on his accusers, "You are a couple of madmen, I think! I know nothing of the year you speak of; I have heard you talking about that, all; but there is no evidence that any such care was given to him, for his body has not been found."

Here Marshall turned with a wink to Will Jones, and nudged him in the ribs.

"Don't you think, now," he asked, "it might be worth while looking for it in that little underground parlor of yours, down alongside the sea?"

William Jones uttered a despairing groan, and fell on his knees.

"I'm going to get you all these years!" cried Monk, his eyes gleaming after all. "I'm afraid you're awfully disappointed."

Monk again spoke to the conversation,

which he looked at reflectively, threw up and caught underhand in the air.

"You accuse me of assassination!" said Monk, trembling violently. "I warn you to beware, for I will not suffer such accusations to stand. If you have any proof of the truth of your preposterous charge, produce it!"

At this moment Matt, looking bright as sunshine, leaped out of the caravan.

"There's my proof," said Marshall. "Miss Monk, this amiable bridegroom of yours, being concerned in harming Mr. Charles Brinkley. Is telling the truth?"

Matt's face flushed, and he looked at Monk with eyes of cordial detection.

"No," said Matt, "he's lying."

"He's lying," she repeated, not heeding him.

"I see him do it with my own two eyes, and I see William Jones helping him and looking on; they thought that one was nigh, but I was. I was holding behind them sacks and barrels in the cave."

Monk was fully proved, and he showed his intellect was weakened, and he showed curious evidences of imbecility. But the ruling passion remained strong within him. I saw him only last summer, rambling on the sea-shore, talking incoherently to himself, and watching the sea in search of wreckage of ships.

"It is a plot!" Monk cried, "to murder me!"

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